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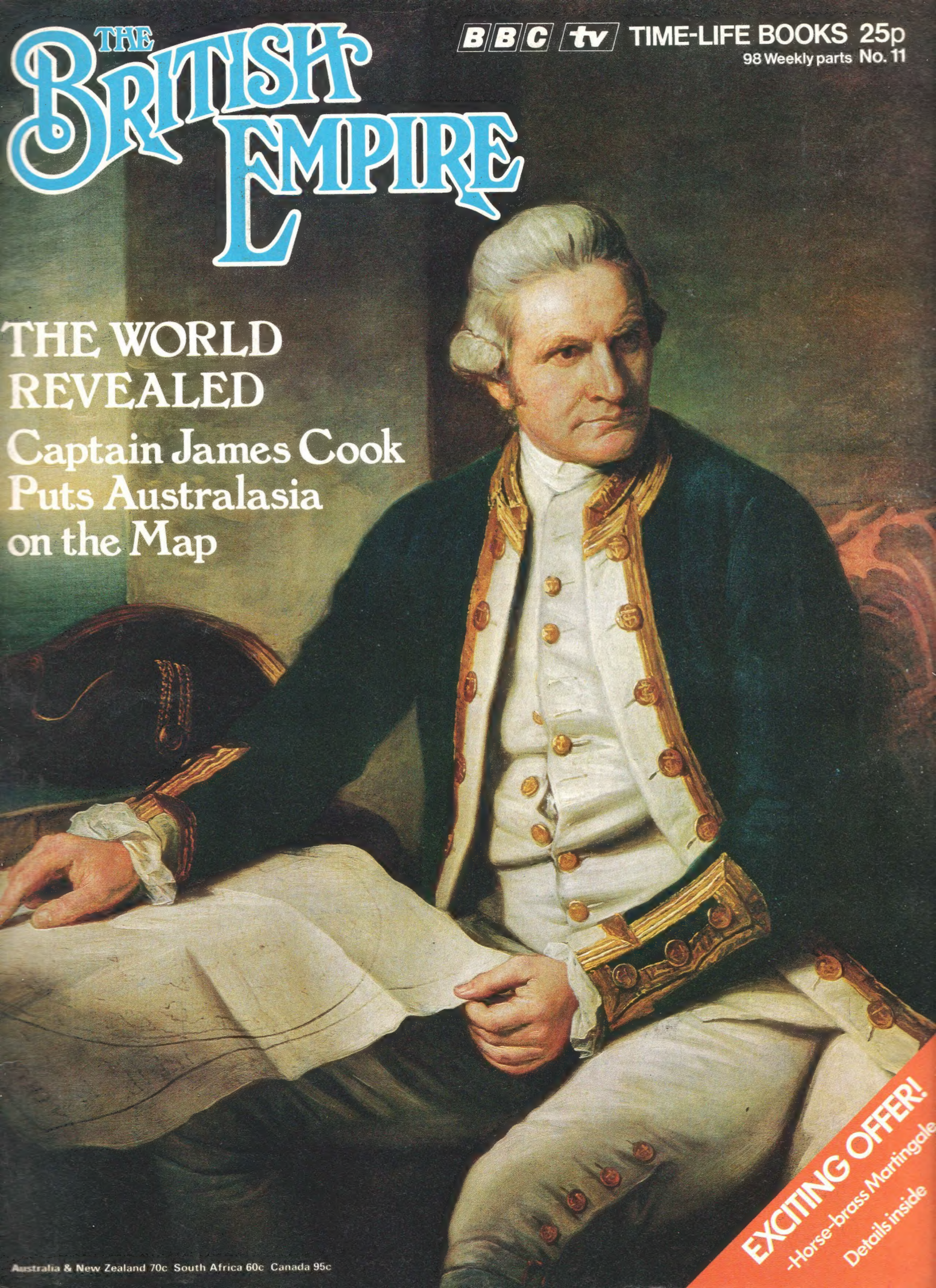
THE BRITISH EMPIRE



THE WORLD REVEALED

Captain James Cook Puts Australasia on the Map

EXCITING OFFER!
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Details inside

Australia & New Zealand 70c South Africa 60c Canada 95c

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

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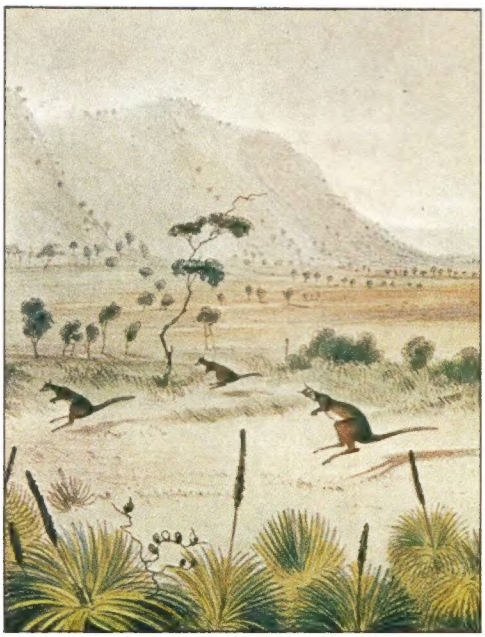

Issue No. 13. Early Days Down Under. After Cook made Australia British, it became a colony of convicts – until in the 1860s protests from the growing nation ended the transportation system.

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Cover: Captain James Cook, in a contemporary portrait which emphasizes his solidity of character and his authority holds one of the charts which won him world-wide renown.

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THE WORLD REVEALED

James Cook was one of the greatest navigators of all time. Voyaging back and forth across the Pacific and the Southern Hemisphere – whose land-masses had formerly been the subject of hazy conjecture based on a smattering of known fact – Cook became the first to chart the coasts of New Zealand, much of Australia and many remote islands. By the time of his death at the hands of Hawaiian natives (below), he had done more than win a unique reputation as a meticulous explorer: he had laid the foundations of Britain's Pacific Empire.

By Stuart Legg

The sturdy colliers of Whitby near Cook's birthplace in Yorkshire provided him with a thorough grounding in the skills of seamanship.

As you fly in towards Sydney Airport, your 'plane passes over an inlet from the Pacific Ocean a few miles south of the city. Around its shore stands the apparatus of modern suburbia; factories, an oil-refinery, broad streets of tidy bungalows. This is Botany Bay, the spot where Englishmen first set foot in Australia. Behind it, the scorching horizons of the Australian bush stretch for 3,000 miles into the west. Beyond the ocean, 1,500 miles to the east, stand the mountains of New Zealand. Today, across both these lands of the Antipodes, flags of Commonwealth association fly. And beyond again lie galaxies of islands, dots in the blue immensities of the Pacific, whose names speak of links with England, Scotland, Ireland.

Little more than two centuries ago this gigantic world of the southern Pacific was virtually a blank on the maps and in the minds of Europe: Australia and New Zealand had been sighted but no one knew their true size. That these lands – and many Pacific islands – were coherently revealed when they were, that so much of the South Pacific became part of the British Empire, was largely due to one man: Captain James Cook.

James Cook is one of the more closely documented figures of British history. He kept his own voluminous journals in which he objectively and modestly recorded his epic achievements. Yet few of those intimate anecdotes that bring a portrait to vivid life are told about him. His personality is elusive. If we could meet him it might be different, for we should undoubtedly find ourselves in the presence of a relentless mind relieved by an innate regard for human beings – a regard showing itself, maybe, in some occasional softening of the intent eyes or the stern lines of the face. Perhaps his seeming detachment stems from the fact that he was a working man from the start.

He was born on October 27, 1728, in the village of Marton, Yorkshire. His father had risen from farmhand to bailiff; and the son had nothing of the sea, still less of the far Pacific, in his sober Yorkshire head. The local schoolmistress found him bright, especially at arithmetic, and, after a spell in a draper's shop at Staithes, he gained an introduction to Messrs. Walker, a firm of shipowners at the nearby port of Whitby whose vessels were engaged in carrying coal from Newcastle to London. In 1746, at the age of 18, Cook signed on with Messrs. Walker as an apprentice seaman.

In the cargo coasters of that time, living conditions were appalling. The food stank, and so did the fo'c'sle where the hands eked out their bug-ridden living. But these things seem not to have troubled the tall, taciturn, serious apprentice. Instead, he quickly gained a lasting respect for the Whitby colliers in which he sailed, with their sturdy build, capacious holds and shallow draught. And as he journeyed up and down the North Sea coasts of England – among the shoaling sands, tricky currents, ill-lit headlands, tidal ports – he unwittingly received about the best training for exploring unknown shores a man could get.

Off watch, he supplemented practice with theory, sweating at the mathematics of navigation in the dim light of the crew's quarters. His officers found him honest, intelligent, reliable, and Walker's

eventually recognized their reports by appointing him mate on board a brand-new collier.

For a promising young sailor the times were filled with interest. While Cook was plying the North Sea, a long, chaotic struggle was drawing to a close, a struggle that began with the War of Jenkins' Ear between Britain and Spain in 1739 and merged into the general European War of the Austrian Succession. Through the confusion an underlying pattern emerged; the leading protagonists, though they had fought across much of the Continent, were less concerned with European affairs than with overseas trade and possessions.

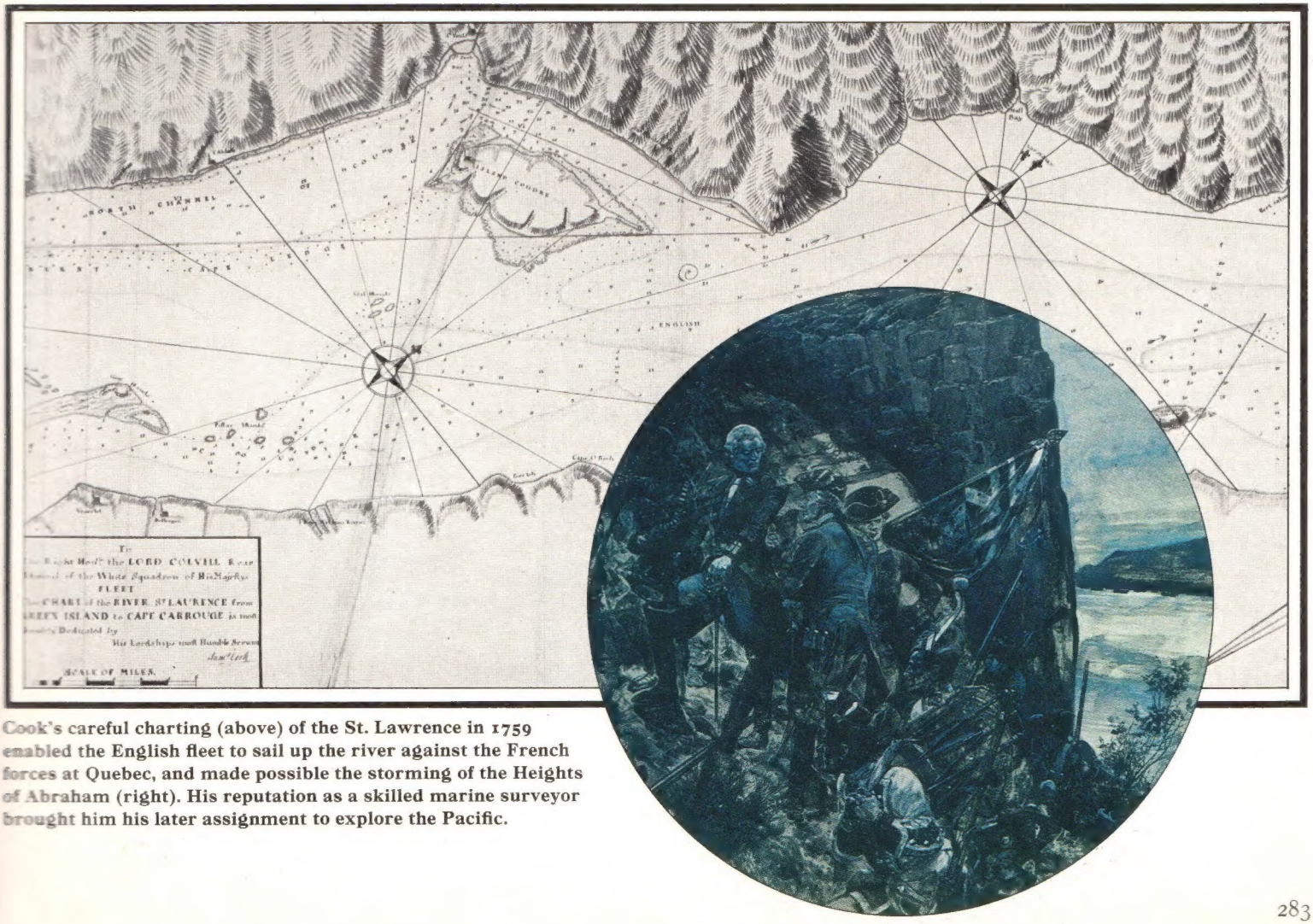
In effect, a deep change was taking place in the balance of imperial power. The older, smaller imperial nations – Portugal and Holland – were dropping out of the race for maritime supremacy, and a rivalry on a greater scale was appearing. France, gripped by a new, eager expansionism, was combining with the declining – but still massive – Empire of Spain to present a formidable challenge to England and her colonies. In 1748 a peace was signed which did little to abate this rivalry; and, in fact, the Anglo-French struggle, though it had ceased in Europe, continued unofficially overseas, in America and India. It was clear that another war, directly imperial in its issues, was inevitable. By 1755 the Royal Navy was mobilizing again and the press-gangs were combing the ports to kidnap young men for active service.

Amid the rising excitement Cook quietly joined the Navy as a volunteer, having "a mind to try his fortune that way." His timing was good, for shortly afterwards, the Seven Years' War duly broke out. Experienced seamen able to lick the crowds of pressed landsmen into shape were at a premium, and he was soon a boatswain. But thereafter promotion came more slowly, for, despite the admiring support of the Captain under whom he served, no man was eligible for a commission until he had served six years. The best that could be done was to make him Master, first of the *Solebay*, then of the *Pembroke*, a 64-gun ship of the line. It was a position that suited Cook well; for the Master, though he held only warrant officer's rank, was responsible for navigating and conning the ship.

The new war began badly for England, but within a year the Prime Minister, William Pitt the Elder had gathered the country's fortunes into his dynamic hands. His strategy demanded the use of the Navy as the primary offensive arm against the overseas interests of France. And in 1759 – the "Year of Victories" – Cook's chance came.

The occasion was the capture of Quebec, capital of French Canada. The operation called for the passage of Wolfe's troop-ships, with their convoying battleships, up the treacherous reaches of the St. Lawrence River to the city. It was necessary for the small boats of the fleet to survey long stretches of the river, and to buoy the channel in advance for the heavy ships. At this work the *Pembroke*'s cool, careful young Master was in his element. Distinguishing himself by the painstaking accuracy of his charting, he became a much-consulted man. Wolfe himself sought his advice.

During the next few years, he was charged with surveying the Gulf of St.



Cook's careful charting (above) of the St. Lawrence in 1759 enabled the English fleet to sail up the river against the French forces at Quebec, and made possible the storming of the Heights of Abraham (right). His reputation as a skilled marine surveyor brought him his later assignment to explore the Pacific.

Lawrence and Newfoundland. Despite a painful accident, in which an exploding powder-flask nearly severed his right thumb, things were going his way. He had married, and his wife, Elizabeth Batts, accepted her husband's extended absences without complaint. In addition, Cook was well paid and in command of his own schooner. As a surveyor of outstanding skill he could order his work as he pleased and indulge his spare-time passion for trigonometry.

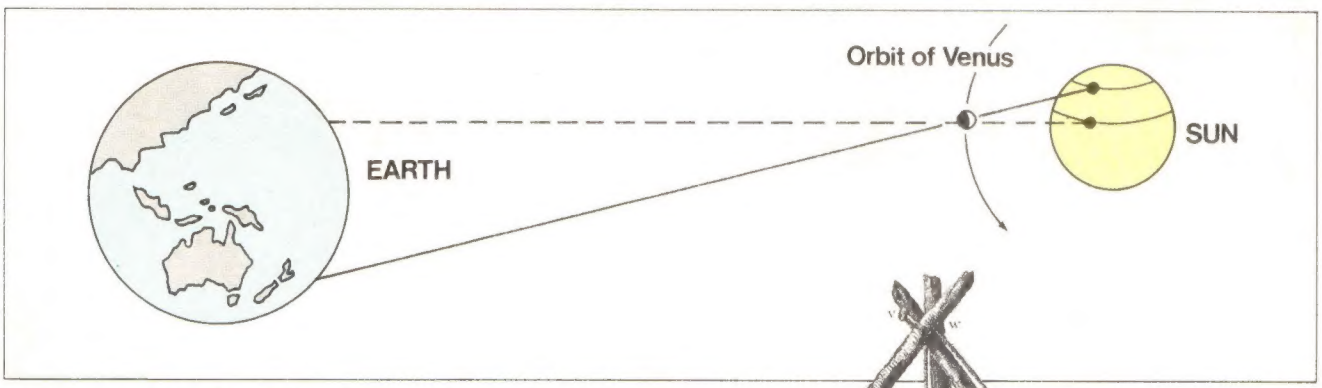
To the public Cook's name meant nothing; but in higher naval circles heads began to nod approvingly at its mention. One of his captains had used the word "genius" in his commendation. And the Royal Society had described him as "very expert in his business."

In 1763, the war ended with Britain everywhere triumphant and ready to undertake new voyages of discovery. The importance of naval victories in the war had evoked a feeling for the Navy and an urge to maritime enterprise. The new King, George III, was eager to reinforce British pre-eminence with further triumphs in the field of exploration. Scientists longed to fill in the unknown areas on the world map. And the country's economy, already becoming dependent on export-oriented industry, needed all the overseas markets it could find.

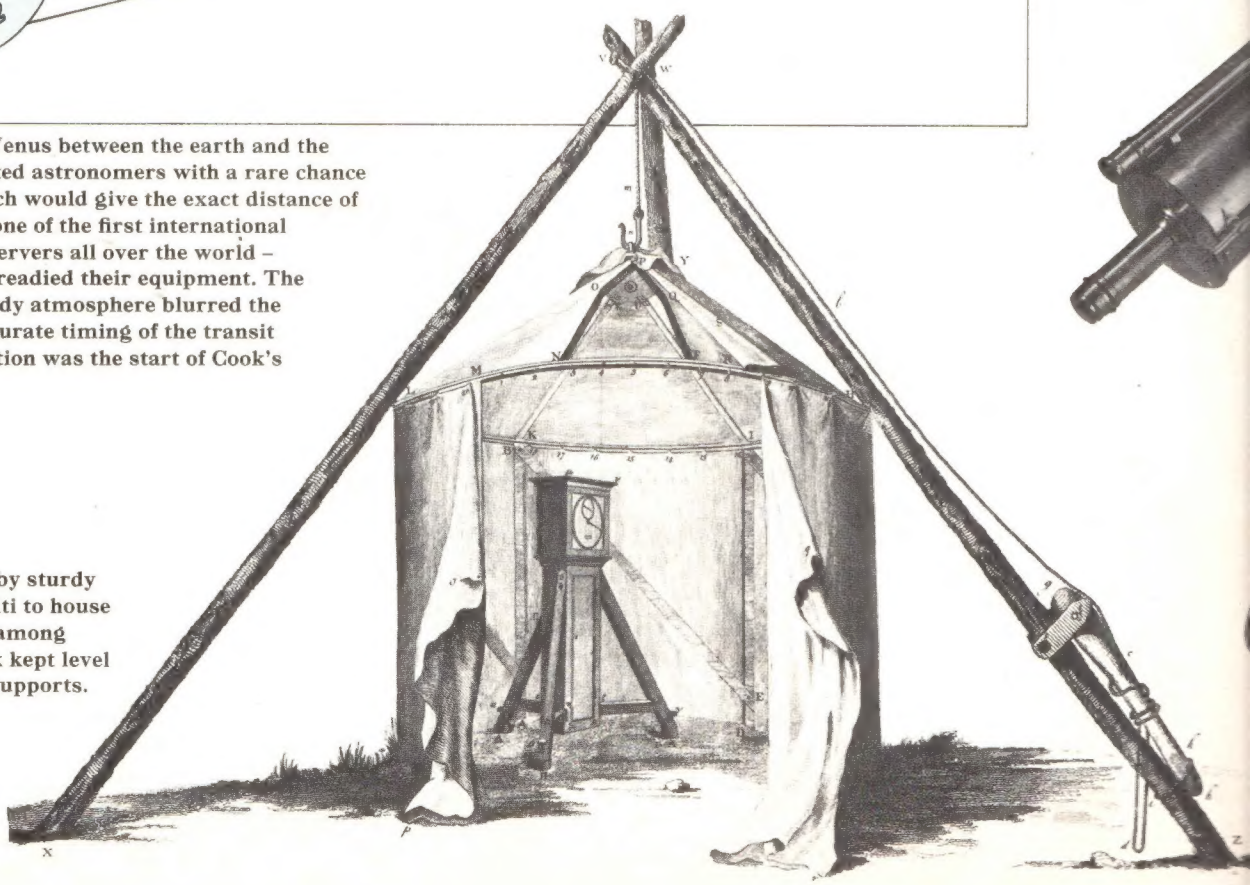
French thinking was almost equally forward, for France had been stripped of trade or territory across most of the known continents and oceans, and was eager to recoup her losses. "She will never consent," a French diplomat emphasized, "to the formation by England of new colonies in any part of the world unless she herself be free to form colonies in like manner." Hitherto, the rivalry between the two great imperial powers had been limited to areas reasonably accessible from Europe. Now, in equally competitive if more peaceable spirit, it was spread to the almost unexplored regions of the globe, to the Southern Hemisphere and the unknown infinities of the Pacific Ocean and towards the South Pole.

From very early times geographers had held religiously to the belief that in the southern half of the world there lay a vast continent, the size of Europe and Asia combined. To the ancients, its existence seemed necessary to balance the weight of the land masses of the Northern Hemisphere. It was called *Terra Australis Incognita*, the "Unknown Land of the South"; and it was thought to cover the whole of the southern surface of the earth, and to front on to all the adjacent oceans – Atlantic, Indian and Pacific. However, the peoples of antiquity believed they could never get there, for it was an article of faith that anyone who sailed to the underside of the globe would be fried by the tropical sun as he crossed the Equator.

In the latter part of the Middle Ages a version of Marco Polo's text, garbled by constant recopying and additions, claimed that a voyage south from Java



The passage of the planet Venus between the earth and the sun in 1769 (above) presented astronomers with a rare chance to take measurements which would give the exact distance of the earth from the sun. In one of the first international scientific ventures, 150 observers all over the world – including Cook in Tahiti – readied their equipment. The project failed: Venus's cloudy atmosphere blurred the observations and made accurate timing of the transit impossible. But the expedition was the start of Cook's Pacific exploration.



Tents, like this, supported by sturdy props, were erected in Tahiti to house the scientific instruments, among them an astronomical clock kept level and firm by three wooden supports.

would reveal "a golden province to which come few foreigners because of the inhumanity of the people." From the 16th Century on spasmodic reports from pioneers in the Pacific seemed to imply that the Great Southern Continent was more than a travellers' legend.

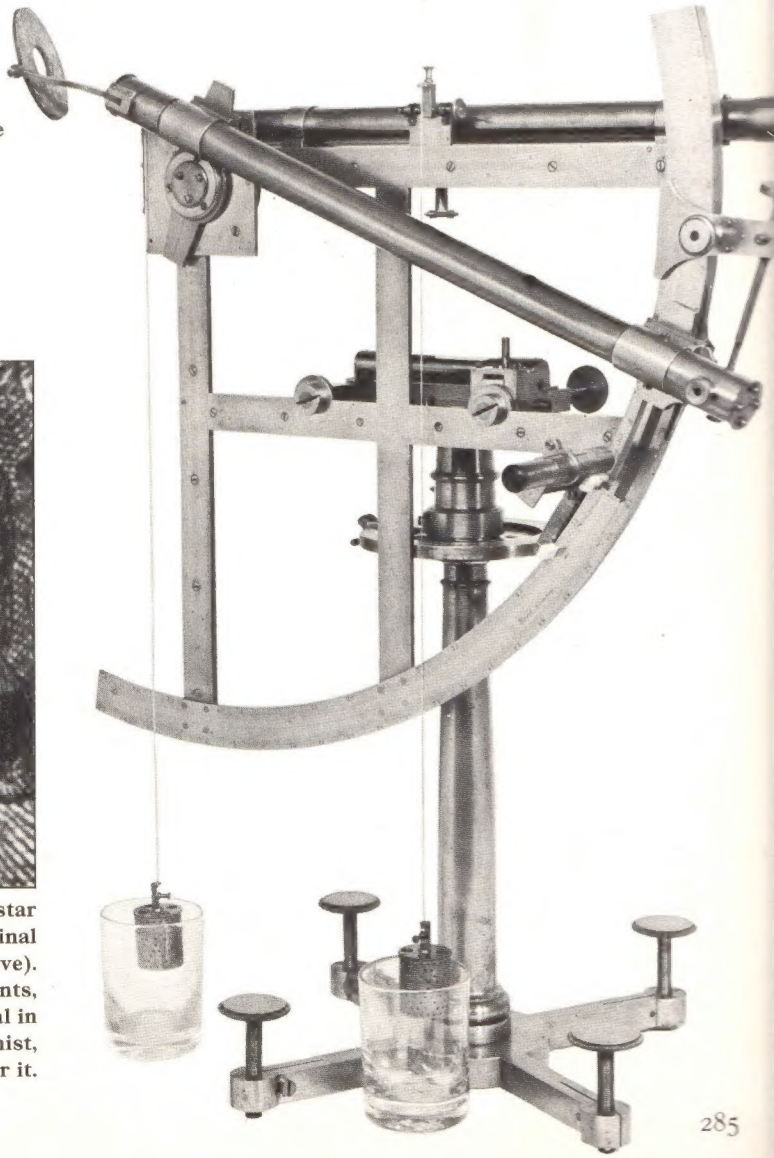
Two Portuguese sailors in the Spanish service, Pedro de Quiros – who found Tahiti – and Luis de Torres, claimed to have sighted "continental land" in the region of the New Hebrides. Two Dutch captains found land to the south of Cape Horn (it was in fact Staten Island); and Abel Tasman, rounding southern New Holland – as Australia was known until the early 19th Century – sighted the northerly tip of New Zealand. Perhaps, it was suggested, these two Dutch discoveries were connected by a great stretch of land further south. And an English buccaneer called Davis asserted that he had passed "a long tract of pretty high land" off the coast of Chile. To theoretical geographers who wished to be convinced, these disparate sightings amounted to proof: like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, the Unknown Continent was coming together.

There was no lack of propagandists. *Terra Australis Incognita* not only existed, they argued, but was quite possibly the home of a large population rich in resources and skilled in manufacture: if so, it was a continent whose friendship or subjugation would be invaluable to a trading or colonial power.

In England, interest in the area had led to runaway financial speculation in the South Sea Company, which crashed in 1720. Twenty years later, a brilliant foray by Admiral George Anson against Spanish ships and colonies led him into the Pacific and on round the world. His return – with a Spanish treasure of 1,300,000 pieces of eight – inspired a propagandist called John Campbell to urge the exploitation of "countries worth our looking after" in the south. A Frenchman, Charles de Brosses, presented the Southern Continent in glowing imaginative colours, with France as its senior partner. His book was plagiarized in London, with Britain substituted in the leading role. Defoe placed his *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift his *Gulliver's Travels*, in the Pacific; and both quickly proved to be two of the 18th Century's most popular books.

By the time of Cook's youth enthusiasm for the land mass of the south, fanned by increasing imperial competition, was reaching fever pitch. Nearly all these dreams and schemes had been founded on the flimsiest real evidence. As yet the Pacific was too vast and too far from Europe for systematic exploration. But with the Seven Years' War over in 1763, there was time and energy to set about the great ocean in earnest. For France, the acquisition of a huge new colony in the Southern Hemisphere would more than make up for the losses she had sustained in America. For Britain, it was vital to get in first; for if she were elbowed by default out of the South Pacific, she

With the powerful, newly developed reflecting telescope, in which a curved mirror took the place of the lens, Cook's scientists hoped to track the planet Venus with unprecedented accuracy.



The quadrant (right), to measure the star angles, and thereby fix exact latitudinal position, is shown in use (above). Most essential of Cook's instruments, it was stolen soon after arrival in Tahiti and Joseph Banks, the botanist, had to hike four miles to recover it.

would ultimately be elbowed off the high seas altogether.

By 1766 the race was on, and Samuel Wallis and Philip Carteret were searching for *Terra Australis* for Britain. Next year the Chevalier de Bougainville followed for France. Carteret found Pitcairn Island; both Wallis and Bougainville rediscovered Tahiti, the island's first visit from Europeans for 160 years; and Bougainville sighted north-eastern Australia. Neither expedition achieved much: but Wallis heightened hopes by his report that southward of Tahiti he had seen mountains rising from the sea. "We supposed," wrote Wallis, "we saw the long wished for Southern Continent, which has never before been seen by Europeans." It was an illusion – a line of clouds standing dark against the sunset – but the search now seemed more than ever worth while. Paris was known to be planning further efforts. It was essential for Britain to redouble hers.

The scientific bent of the times provided a convenient cloak behind which to hide a more determined British expedition. The path of the planet Venus would bring it between the sun and the earth in 1769, an event not due to take place again for another century. This transit, it was thought, would afford a valuable opportunity for gathering evidence to calculate the earth's distance from the sun. In fact, with the simple instruments then available, it was impossible to make accurate enough observations to achieve this task, but at the time no one was aware of this weakness in technique. The Royal Society was thus anxious that the transit should be observed from several different points, including one in the Pacific; and the Admiralty, seizing the chance, agreed to send a ship for the purpose. Their Lordships, however, flatly refused to accept the Society's candidate for the command – one Alexander Dalrymple, a fanatical believer in the Southern Continent, a civilian, and an unpleasantly cantankerous character. The Admiralty's choice was Cook.

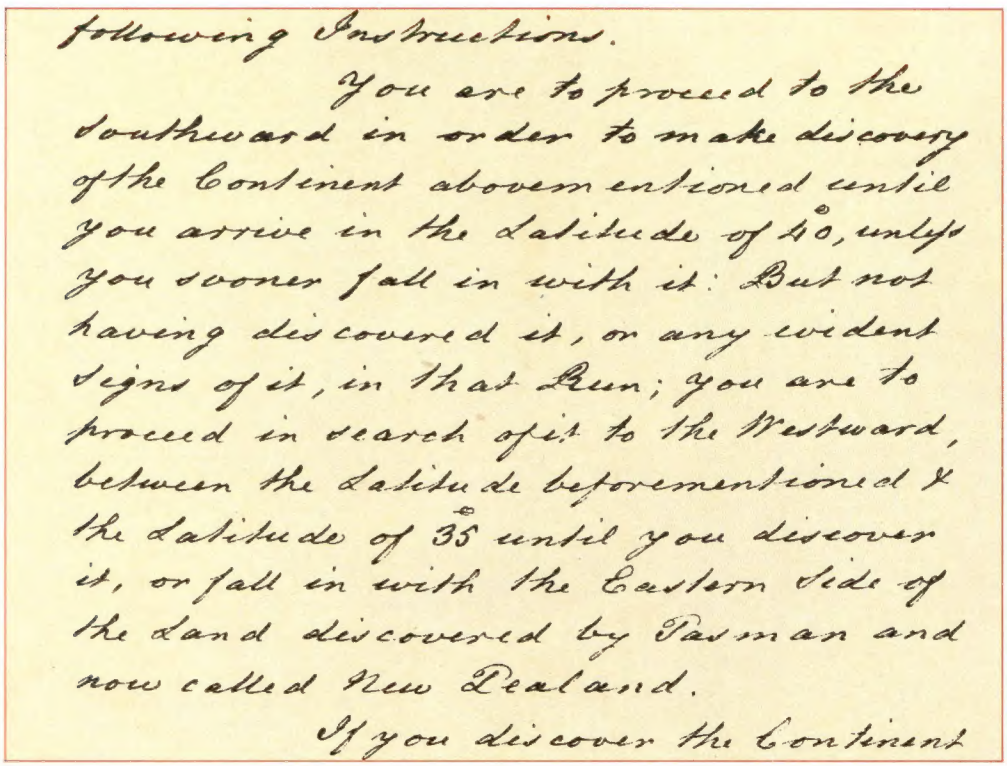
Cook urged that his ship should be not a warship but a humble Whitby collier of the type he knew so well. In his view such a vessel, equipped as a floating laboratory, would be ideal for a long oceanic voyage broken by spells of detailed inshore survey work. One of these

Joseph Banks, who as a much-publicized young scientist accompanied Cook to Australia, later became the most influential patron of exploration in Africa.

colliers happened to be lying in the Thames. She was purchased, renamed *Endeavour*, and fitted out according to specifications provided by Cook himself.

Meanwhile, the Royal Society chose the scientists who were to sail with him. Their leader was to be a young man of 24 called Joseph Banks. At the time he was known only as a wealthy, lively, highly educated amateur of the sciences; in later life, as Sir Joseph, the President of the Royal Society, he was to be one of the foremost scientific leaders of the age. When he learned of *Endeavour*'s assignment his friends had been advising him to make the Grand Tour of Europe then customary for a well-to-do youngster. "Every blockhead does that," he replied. "My grand tour shall be round the globe." Between the rich, sporting, youthful Banks and the level-headed professional Cook, now a Lieutenant, there was every reason for difference, but as it happened they became close professional colleagues and lifelong friends.

Cook's precise instructions were drafted in two separate parts. The first dealt with the transit of Venus. He was to sail via Cape Horn to Tahiti, and there supervise the observations. All this was for public consumption. The second part was secret. His business at Tahiti finished, he was ordered to head south for 1,500 miles at


following Instructions.

You are to proceed to the Southward in order to make discovery of the Continent abovementioned until you arrive in the Latitude of 40°, unless you sooner fall in with it: But not having discovered it, or any evident signs of it, in that Run; you are to proceed in search of it to the Westward, between the Latitude beforementioned & the Latitude of 35° until you discover it, or fall in with the Eastern side of the Land discovered by Tasman and now called New Zealand.

If you discover the Continent

These secret orders were finally revealed at Tahiti, when Cook broke open the sealed envelope to read the instructions which directed him on a southern voyage of discovery.

which latitude – 40° south – "there is," read his instructions, "reason to believe a continent, or land of great extent, may be found." If he found it, he was to examine it in detail, establish "friendship and alliance" with the inhabitants if any, and "with their consent" possess the country in the King's name. If he found no continent he was to turn west and investigate the land first seen by Tasman and now known as New Zealand. He was to come home by the Horn or the Cape at his discretion.

The tiny 370-ton *Endeavour* was about to venture into an arena of a size and grandeur that still challenge comprehension. The Pacific stretches 10,000 miles from China to the Americas, by 9,000 between the wastes at the approaches to both Poles. Large areas of it are subject to almost perpetual Equatorial calms; others to unceasing single-direction winds; others to overwhelming hurricanes and typhoons. Majestic currents, sweeping for thousands of miles, furrow its depths; and beneath these, in the eternal darkness of its bed, lie gorges more profound than Everest is high.

The towering mountains ranged round the vast basin of the Pacific are seldom free from the quiver of seismic forces; and many of their peaks are volcanoes extinct, dormant, or murderously active. Across the ocean, submerged mountains thrust upward to form chains of islands, some of them volcanic. Deposits of coral cap many of the peaks.

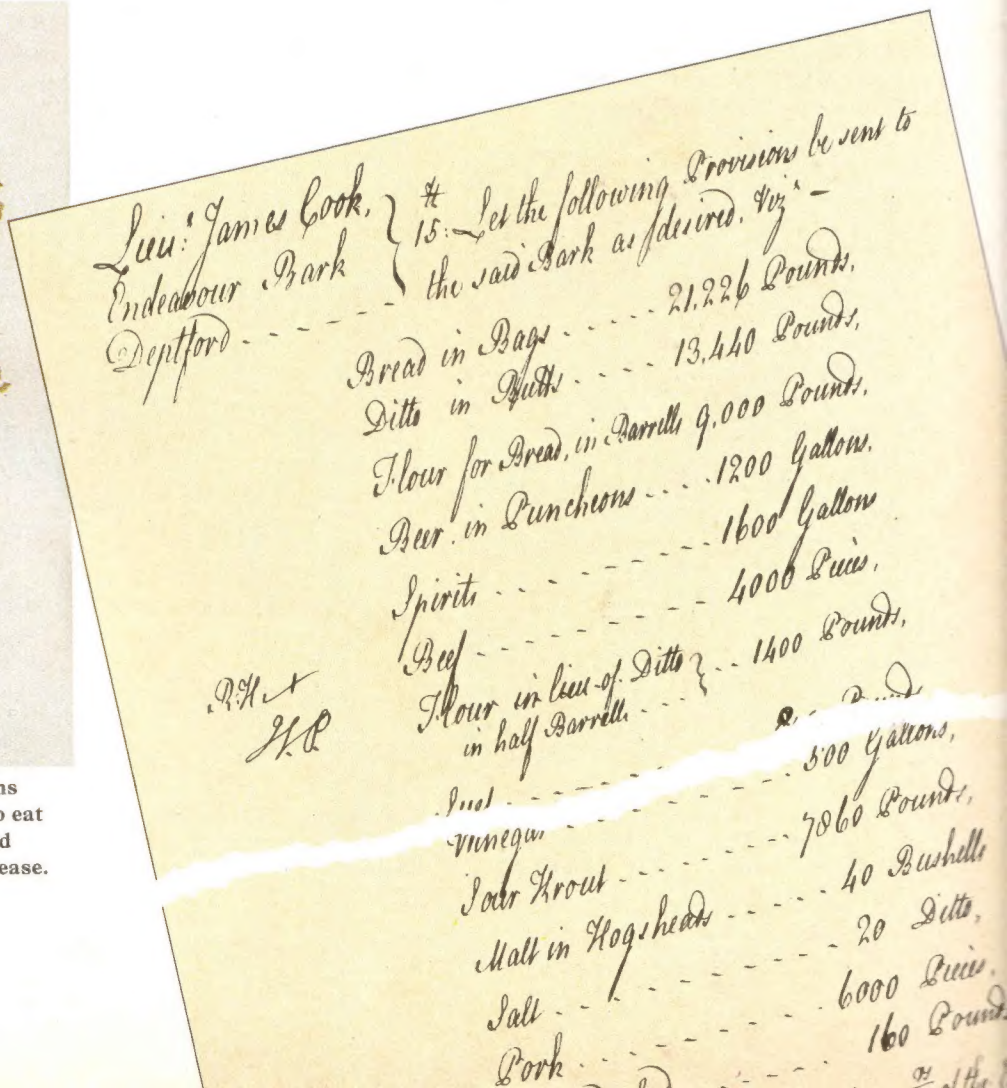
Three main races, of whose customs little was known, dominated the island necklaces: the brown-skinned Polynesians, once masters of the sea, whose great canoe-voyages had carried them from Tahiti to Hawaii, and had established the Maoris of New Zealand; the darker, negroid Melanesians, mask-wearers and head-hunters; and the Micronesians of mixed negro and Mongolian stock, with a strong infusion of Malay characteristics.

On this stupendous ocean Europe had made scarcely a mark. Previous exploration, apart from its haphazard nature, had often been hampered by the set of the winds which limited the courses ships could steer, and by the persisting difficulty of finding longitude with accuracy. Crude victualling had made the onset of scurvy inevitable and often fatal: Anson had lost two-thirds of his men from that disease alone.

As a result there were long gaps in the outlines of the known coasts; and of the relatively few discovered islands, many had been lost again almost as soon as found. In particular, no one yet knew whether there was a navigable passage linking the northern Pacific with the Atlantic; no one had ever with certainty seen the east coast of Australia; and no one was clear, except Torres who had never published his findings, whether there was a strait between Australia and New Guinea. Above all, no one knew the truth about the Southern Continent.

In search of the truth, the *Endeavour* left Plymouth on August 25, 1768, with 94 men who would pit the reasoned outlook of the later 18th Century against a void extending over a third of the earth's surface. And the truth could now be of supreme imperial importance: for Bougainville was still at sea, and other French ships were following in his wake.

Outward bound, the *Endeavour* was a happy ship. From his previous service.



Lieu: James Cook, Endeavour Bark Deptford — # 15: Let the following Provisions be sent to the said Bark as desired. Viz^t —

Bread in Bags ..... 21,226 Pounds.
Ditto in Butts ..... 13,440 Pounds.
Flour for Bread, in Barrells 9,000 Pounds.
Beer in Puncheons ..... 1200 Gallons.
Spirits ..... 1600 Gallons
Beef ..... 4000 Pieces.
Flour in lieu of Ditto in half Barrells ..... 1400 Pounds.
Suet ..... 500 Gallons.
Vinegar ..... 7860 Pounds.
Sour Krout ..... 40 Bushells
Malt in Hogsheads ..... 20 Ditto.
Salt ..... 6000 Pieces.
Pork ..... 160 Pounds

R.H. N
G.P.

Fresh fruit and "Sour Krout" were among the provisions (right) that Cook took with him. He forced his sailors to eat these – plus scurvy grass (above), a plant of the mustard family – to prevent scurvy, the traditional seamen's disease.

Cook well understood "the temper and dispossissions of seamen." He was, however, a firm disciplinarian; and in one matter he was remorseless. He was determined to prevent the terrible outbreaks of scurvy that often led to death and had traditionally been accepted as the unavoidable cost of long voyages.

Cook's own experience convinced him that it resulted from dirty conditions and bad diet. The ship, therefore, had to be kept scrubbed, ventilated, fumigated. The men had to wear clean, warm clothing. And every day he forced down their throats unsalted soups, sauerkraut, fruit juice. Frequent attempts were made to evade this unwelcome dietary revolution; but they were useless. Although he had always been sparing in his use of the lash, Cook nevertheless had two men flogged for refusing the prescribed meals.

Arriving at Matavai Bay, Tahiti, in good time, Cook had seven clear weeks in which to make scientific preparations for the astronomical event. The *Endeavour* let go her anchor before a great semicircle of palms backed by the deep green jungles and cloud-capped peaks of the island.

With the help of Banks's good humour and the crew's steadiness, Cook quickly established good relations with the high-spirited natives, accepting from the start that Polynesian codes of conduct differed from European. Banks wrote exuberantly that on Tahiti "love is the chief occupation." Certainly it was considered quite normal for Tahitians to be completely open about love-making, and for the girls to make no secret of their desires for the white visitors.

Wallis's men two years before had found that girls were prepared to make love at any time for the most trifling gifts, putting particular value on nails. There had been quite a commotion on board when it was found that the crew had been buying favours with nails drawn from the ship's timbers, and even with those which suspended their hammocks, so that most of Wallis's men were reduced to sleeping on the deck.

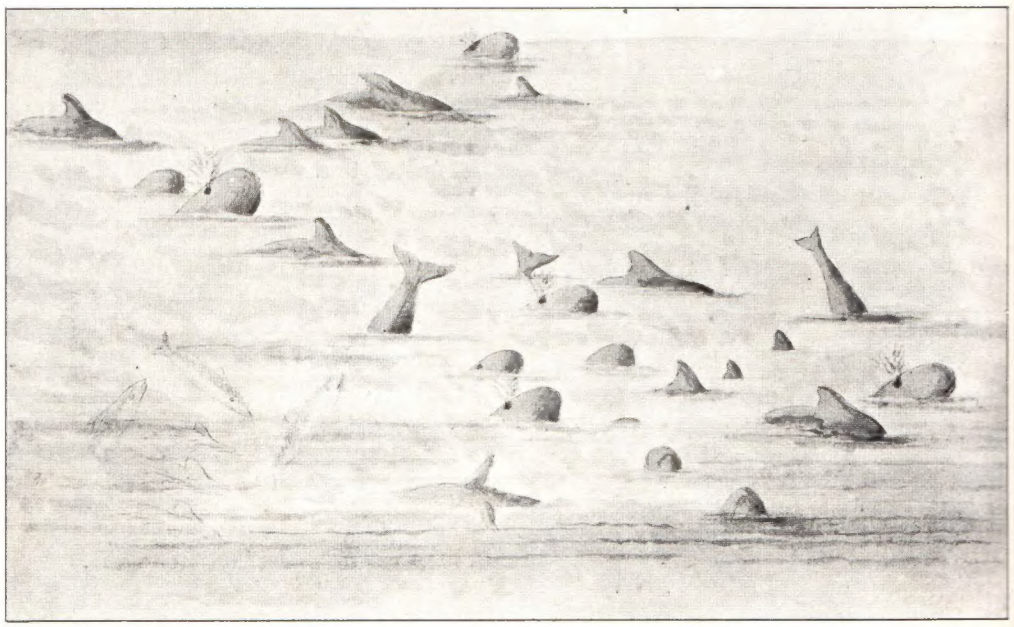
At feasts ashore, Cook and his crew enjoyed "hot dogs" – baked, vegetable-fed puppies. Many of the seamen subjected themselves to the novel experience of tattooing, and so introduced a new custom to the sailor's world. The only real trouble arose from the islanders' flair for stealing at which they were "prodigious expert." Trifling losses mounted to serious proportions; only a few days before the transit of Venus, the quadrant, an instrument essential to its recording, was missed. However, by dint of a resolute search it was recovered just in time; and on a cloudless sunny day – June 3 – the transit was duly observed as well as possible from three points on the island.

As the *Endeavour* prepared for the next phase of the voyage, venereal disease began to appear, first ashore, then afloat. Cook, deeply disturbed, was certain that his whole complement had left Plymouth clean and he suspected that Bougainville's French crew had left the disease behind. He did what he could to prevent contact, but to little avail. The shadow of Europe was falling across the Pacific.

With Banks waving long farewells from the masthead, with the flying-fish bursting in silver showers from her bows, the *Endeavour* weighed from Tahiti on July 13 and headed for the underside of the globe to fulfil her secret instructions. On board, along with the crew, was a Tahitian named Tupaia, one of the island's principal priests. He had learned some English and was eager to travel, and Cook thought he would prove useful as an interpreter on other islands.

As the *Endeavour* ploughed southward, successive weeks yielded no land; and the long swells told Cook there could be none for far ahead. Reaching the limit of his orders, lat. 40°S., in mounting seas, he turned west for Tasman's New Zealand. On October 7, 1769, after five more weeks of tumbling empty seas, one of the ship's boys sighted a headland. It was dubbed Young Nick's Head, in his honour.

The first kangaroo ever seen by Europeans – "What to liken him to I could not tell," wrote Banks in fascination – was sketched by Sidney Parkinson, the *Endeavour*'s artist.



Dolphins and a profusion of other fish, sketched by Parkinson from the deck of the *Endeavour*, gamboled around the ship as it sailed through the endless Pacific Ocean.

Heath honeysuckle, one of the hundreds of plants collected at Botany Bay by Joseph Banks, is named Banksia serrata after him.

Slowly Cook circled New Zealand's North Island counter-clockwise, surveying and charting as he went. He could do little ashore, for the Maoris were hostile and a landing-party encountered two blood-smeared men gnawing a human arm. Then, moving through the strait that now bears his name, Cook passed round the South Island, continuing his patient recording. After six months his circuit of New Zealand was complete, and he knew that it was not a continent. "I doubt," said a French officer some years later as he pored over the charts Cook had made, "whether our own coasts of France have been delineated with such precision."

The British flag now flew over New Zealand, and even the enthusiastic Banks was looking forward to "a speedy return to England and roast beef." But Cook was deliberating carefully. Should he go home by Cape Horn at the extreme tip of South America or by the Cape of Good Hope? A passage to the Horn in the far south would probably reveal whether the Southern Continent existed elsewhere in the Pacific; but the ship was worn and victuals were low. The Cape of Good Hope route offered Batavia (present-day Djakarta) in the Dutch East Indies, for refreshment. And more important: it offered an opportunity to explore the unknown east coast of Australia on the way, and a chance to clear up the vexed question of whether the gap now known as Torres Strait between Australia and New Guinea existed. Cook decided for the Cape route round southern Africa.

So it happened that after a three-week sail through calm warm weather, with the dolphins leaping about the ship "like salmons," Lieutenant Hicks sighted Hicks Point on the Australian coast and the *Endeavour* began her greatest discovery. Cruising northward, Cook found no harbour for a week. Then a bay opened, and he gently nosed his way in. Here the 18th Century came face to face with Stone Age aborigines, to the bewilderment of both. Banks, finding the place a naturalist's paradise, called it Botany Bay.

Short of stores, Cook sailed on northwards after a week, noting, but not entering the harbour which was later to be the site of Sydney. The landscape round about delighted him. "It can never be doubted," he wrote, "that most sorts of grain, fruit, roots, etc. would flourish were they once brought hither, planted and cultivated by the hands of industry; and here are provender for more cattle than can ever be brought into the country." It reminded him of Glamorganshire, and he named it New South Wales.

A thousand more miles of meticulous recording followed as he moved on up the coast – and then disaster struck. Cook found himself inside the Great Barrier Reef where it converges towards the Queensland shore. All around was a maze of reefs and islets, of coral walls rising sheer from the depths. Leadsmen sounding, look-outs aloft, the *Endeavour* probed on. She reached deeper water; then, without warning, she went aground.

Banks, expecting panic, confessed himself astonished at what followed. Cook remained utterly cool, and all hands took their cue from him. They calmly jettisoned guns and cargo until the *Endeavour* was freed. They then found a small creek – today called Endeavour River – where they could beach their vessel, and where the carpenters laboured for six weeks to patch her up. They saw animals "of a mouse colour and very swift," which bounded along like enormous hares. Banks discovered the aborigine name for them: "kangaroo." And a seaman swore that he had met the Devil. From his description it was probably a flying-fox.

When refloated, the ship was barely seaworthy. And the men were longing for home so acutely that the surgeon invented a Latin word, "nostalgia," for their malady. But Cook was set on solving the problem of the Torres Strait. Tacking gingerly, with boats out ahead among the fearsome reefs around Cape York, the northernmost tip of Australia, he at length found open water. He had, he said, "settled a doubtful point." Before sailing away he held a little ceremony to take formal possession of Australia. The flag was run up on shore to a brisk rattle of musketry, answered by an imposing salute from the few guns not jettisoned to float the *Endeavour* free after she struck the coral. Then, with parts of the ship's bottom so worn that they were no thicker than the sole of a shoe, Cook limped into Batavia to refit.

He had revolutionized exploration. Till then it had been a storm-tossed adventure. He had turned it into a controlled, methodical science. And when at last he sighted the English coast on July 10, 1771, his crew, though diminished by

tropical disease, still remained free from scurvy. And Banks and his team had in their packing-cases 1,300 new flowers, a massive contribution to the late 18th Century's explosion of information.

Land had been explored and claimed for Britain in the Antipodes; but both Australia and New Zealand were primitive territories, not the great and perhaps highly developed continent of expectation. And now an ominous new factor was appearing on the British imperial scene. While still at Batavia, Cook had heard that the American colonists were refusing to pay taxes. The old Empire was cracking; and a new Empire might soon have to take shape elsewhere. The movement eastward was afoot. India was already secure. But beyond, in the Pacific, the French were mounting new oceanic expeditions; and the Spaniards, besides pushing north up the Californian coast, had penetrated to Tahiti. The question of the Southern Continent must be resolved once and for all. Britain must make a second, definitive, probe not only of the South Pacific, but of all the oceans of the southern world.

There was no argument about who should lead the new expedition. George III received Cook in audience and raised him to the rank of Commander. And this time, with the Great Barrier Reef episode in mind, there would be two ships, both Whitby colliers, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*, the latter captained by Tobias Furneaux. Banks wanted to lead the scientists as before; but he demanded a larger staff and more accommodation and eventually withdrew in pique. In his place the Admiralty appointed two German naturalists, John Reinhold Forster and his son, George; both stuffy, censorious characters whose pompous utterances were to provide unfailing amusement to the crew.

On this voyage Cook was to test out a new piece of equipment for solving the old problem of finding longitude, the distance east or west of a fixed point (for Englishmen, the Royal Observatory at Greenwich). Lattitude – or north-south position – could be measured by quick reference to the sun at midday. But the only ways of calculating longitude were rough ones; by dead reckoning – keeping a record of direction and speed, and allowing something for current; and by reference to the moon, whose path could still not be predicted with complete accuracy.

In 1713, Isaac Newton had pointed out to a government committee that it should be possible to calculate longitude from a reliable clock giving the time at the Greenwich meridian. The government had offered a suitable reward and after a lifetime of effort, a clockmaker named John Harrison had claimed the prize.

Cook was to carry a copy of one of his instruments and three chronometers built by another maker, John Arnold.

Cook drafted his own instructions. They sounded simple; in reality they were formidable. He would call at Cape Town, then head south for "Cape Circumcision" (Bouvet Island), a lonely outpost of land whose French discoverer had been unable to determine its extent. If this proved not to be the tip of the Southern Continent, he was to continue south, then turn east and circumnavigate the globe as far south as human endurance would permit, retiring northward to winter in less severe climates. If he found land, he was to take possession of it, and all officers and men were to be sworn to secrecy. If he found nothing, then it would be clear that the Great Southern Continent did not exist in any politically significant latitudes.

At the Cape of Good Hope, Cook learned that French vessels were working south ahead of him. There was no time to lose. Leaving Cape Town in November, he pushed south on the first leg of his semi-polar voyage. He could not find "Cape Circumcision," but cruising in the neighbourhood made clear that it could only be an island. Heading south again, then turning east as planned, the ships fought their way into a forbidding world of gales and ice and pinching cold. Always Cook kept edging southward, looking for openings in the ice which would take him still nearer to the Pole.

By January 18, 1773, he was at lat. 67° S. – further south than any man had ventured before. Sometimes the fogs, so dense that the bows could not be seen from the stern, would suddenly lift; on clear nights the eerie flicker of the aurora, the display of light caused by solar particles striking the polar atmosphere,

John Harrison: the Man Who Found Longitude

In 1713, Parliament offered a prize of £20,000 to the inventor of "a generally practicable and useful method" of determining longitude at sea.

For centuries, mariners had been able to calculate latitude, their north-south position. But to find longitude – one's distance east or west of a fixed point like the Greenwich meridian – was only theoretically possible.

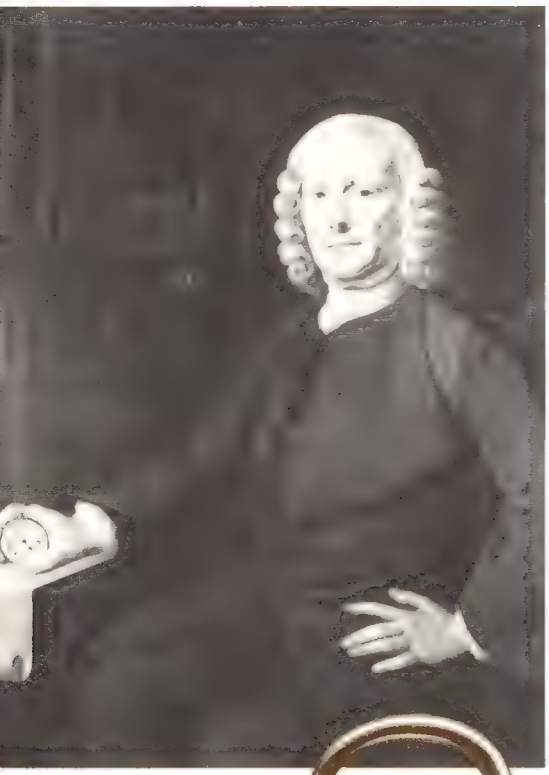
The instrument essential for this task was a good clock, showing the time at Greenwich, which, when compared with local time, enabled the calculation of longitude. There was, however, no clock which would keep accurate time, unaffected by storms at sea or large changes of temperature.

It was over 40 years before such an instrument was invented. For all that time, a Yorkshire clockmaker called John Harrison was busily engaged in the project. After 20 years' work, in 1735, he completed his first – still inadequate – "marine timekeeper" and it took him another 20 years to construct a chronometer accurate enough to present to the Parliamentary Board of Longitude.

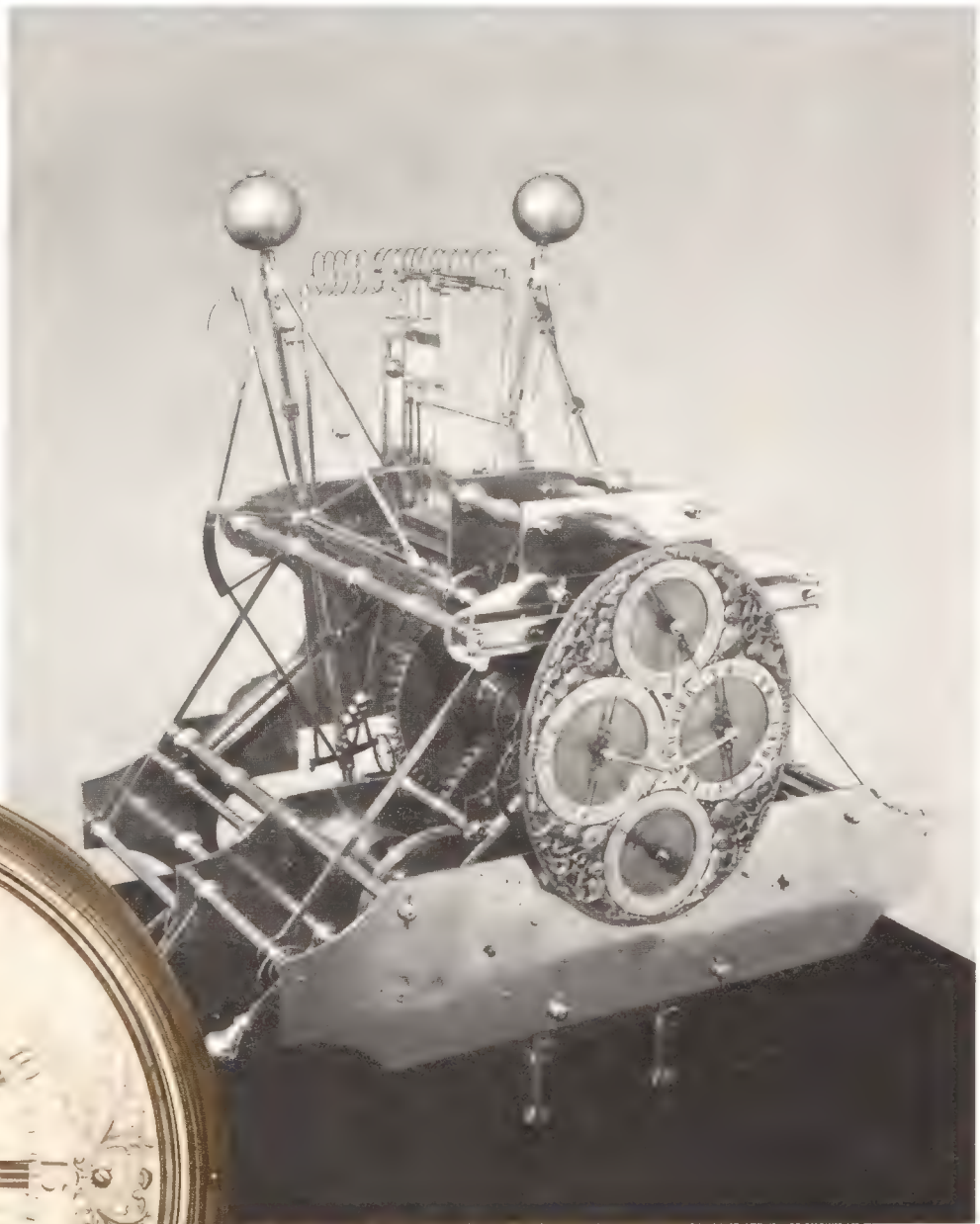
It was a horological masterpiece: in 1761, when the 71-year-old Harrison sent his son on a voyage to Jamaica to test it, the clock lost just five seconds over the three-month journey, corresponding to a distance of under one mile.

As Harrison said with justifiable pride: "There is neither any other mechanical or Mathmatical thing in the world that is more beautiful or more curious in texture than this my watch." He claimed his £20,000 reward.

It was not as easy as that. Despite the proven accuracy of his chronometer – a copy of which Cook successfully tested on his second voyage – the Board of Longitude paid Harrison only £2,500. After many more trials he received another £7,500. It was not until Harrison found a patron in George III and petitioned Parliament that he received the rest of the prize in 1773 – after a lifetime's work and only three years before his death at the age of 83.



John Harrison, pictured holding one of his watches, was a self-taught genius who invented the first reliable marine chronometer.



Harrison's first marine timekeeper was a 72-lb. monster which used complex devices to compensate for temperature changes.

Larcum Kendall's watch, made in 1769 and taken on Cook's second voyage, was an exact copy of Harrison's fourth timepiece – a fraction of the size of his first. Cook found "K1." so reliable he called it "our trusty friend."

would play so powerfully overhead that the shadows of men on watch fell across the ships' decks.

By mid-March Cook had traversed more than a third of the world's circumference. He had passed from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and had reached the meridian of his previous discoveries in Australia. So far no land, not even an island, had broken the heaving horizons: only icebergs "as high as the dome of St. Paul's." Contact with the *Adventure* had been lost, and the southern winter was approaching. It was time to seek temporary respite in the milder weather of New Zealand.

There, in an inlet he had named Queen Charlotte Sound, Cook found Furneaux preparing to winter in harbour. But Cook had other ideas. Prolonged inaction would be fatal for discipline, and in political terms time was precious. The expedition would press on at once.

There followed what was perhaps the most astonishing feat of perseverance of Cook's career. From June, 1773, to October, 1774, he made two tremendous circuits of the South Pacific. The first sweep took him from New Zealand to Pitcairn Island, to Tahiti, to the Friendly (or Tonga) Islands, and back to Queen Charlotte Sound. During it, he lost touch with the *Adventure* for good. But the long sail through Equatorial waters restored the strength of *Resolution*'s crew after their gruelling spell in the Antarctic. They were ready to tackle the frozen world of the far south once more.

After their departure, a hideous incident took place. Furneaux, arriving at the New Zealand rendezvous a second time with the *Adventure*, sent a boat ashore. It failed to return, and a second boat was sent to investigate. The Lieutenant in charge came upon a horde of Maoris with 20 baskets full of roasted human flesh. A severed hand tattooed with the initials "T.H." was quickly identified: it was that of Thomas Hill, one of the fo'c'sle men. "The heads, hearts and lungs of our people," the Lieutenant reported, "were seen lying on the beach and, at a little distance, the dogs gnawing their entrails." Sick at heart and stomach, Furneaux sailed for home.

Cook had meanwhile begun his second circuit, resuming, as Forster remarked, "our dismal course to the southward." Christmas Day, 1773, was spent with 60 icebergs in sight. It was a foretaste of what was to come. In mid-Pacific, Cook reached lat. 60° S. again, retreated north a little, then plunged even deeper into the frozen wastes. "The ropes like wires, sails like metal plates," he recorded in his journal. With icicles an inch long hanging from their noses, men working on deck were encased in frozen snow as if clad in armour.

At lat. 71° 10′ S. the ship was stopped by solid ice. "It was indeed my opinion," Cook wrote, "that this ice extended quite to the Pole, or perhaps joins to some land to which it has been fixed from the creation." He suspected the proximity of Antarctica, but even if he had found it, at such latitudes it could hold no practical importance. Circling north again he examined Easter Island, the Marquesas, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia; and so returned to Queen Charlotte Sound.

The *Resolution*'s two sweeps of the Pacific had occupied 16 months. Cook had discovered new islands and new people. He had precisely located others whose positions had hitherto been but vaguely known. And on Cook's charts was recorded nearly every anchorage that could be of strategic use to the Admiralty. As to the Southern Continent, he had demolished every shred of evidence for its existence in the Pacific.

There remained the possibility that it lay in the South Atlantic. Refitting at Queen Charlotte Sound, he sailed for Cape Horn to find out. Again the searching telescopes revealed no land, no break in the deep-ocean swell. Reaching the Atlantic east of the Horn, he turned south once more. Twenty years earlier a Spanish Captain had seen land hereabouts, and had magnified it to continental proportions. Cook found it and proved it an island – South Georgia. It was, he said, "a savage and horrible" place, but he was amazed by the plethora of marine life that surrounded the ship in the area: whales, sealions, seals, penguins, seabirds beyond count.

Then, on February 23, 1775, Harrison's chronometer told Cook that he had crossed his outward track of 1772. He had completed his circumnavigation of the southern world.

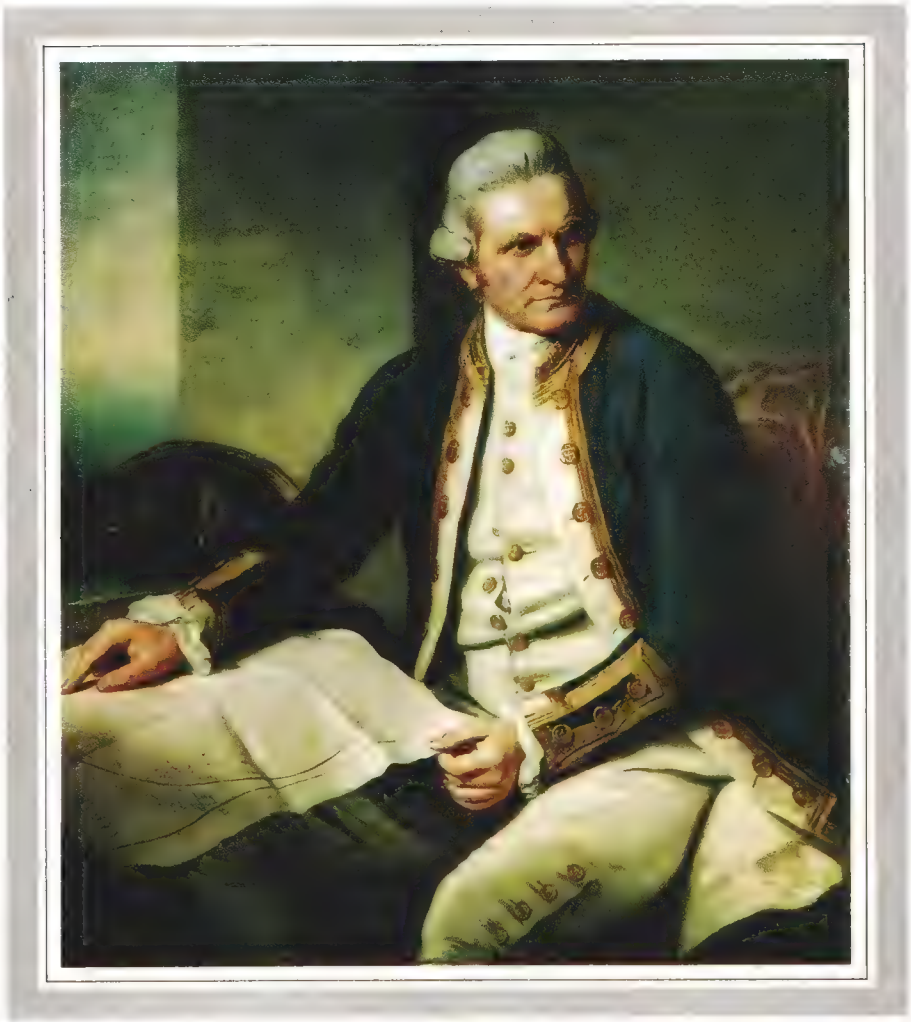
He headed for Cape Town to rest, make repairs and take on new stores. On the way, he fell in with an East India Company vessel whose captain told him that Furneaux had arrived safely back in England the previous year, becoming the first Englishman to sail round the world from west to east.

In July, 1775, just over three years after leaving Plymouth he entered Portsmouth Harbour with the tidings that there was no such thing as a Great Southern Continent. In London the news was received with relief. The American colonies were about to explode in revolution, and France and Spain were looking for fuel to add to the flames. By summer all available power would be needed across the Atlantic. Had the call come then to possess and develop a great new imperial arena in the south, British resources might have been strained to breaking-point. "If I have failed to discover a continent, it is because it does not exist in a navigable sea." Cook's quiet words set official fears at rest.

He had further matters to report. While the Arnold chronometers had proved hopelessly inadequate, Harrison's had fulfilled every promise. In finding longitudinal position it had been "our never-failing guide." Also, of the *Resolution*'s company of 112, three had been lost by accidents and one by disease; but that disease was not scurvy. The results had been achieved, Cook said, merely "by my attention to duty." Lime-juice and Cook's other vitamin-rich foods had had their effect. The nickname "limey" for British seamen, already in use, stuck.

The South Pacific had yielded its secrets. But a vital question-mark remained in the north.

With the American future in doubt, the eastward shift of Empire was gathering way. British India was becoming a springboard for the expansion of commerce through South-East Asia to China and the Pacific. In particular, the trade in Chinese tea was leaping ahead. It was now essential for Britain to establish the shortest possible route to the Far East.



ENDEAVOUR, RESOLUTION, DISCOVERY

"Was it not for the pleasure which naturally results to a Man from being the first discoverer," wrote Captain James Cook, "this service would be insupportable." It was a rare moment of self-revelation: for he wrote little of himself in the journals which he kept of his voyages and his personality still remains curiously elusive.

His outward qualities were well known. The steadiness, the determination and thoroughness that guided him in his exploration of the distant places described in the following pages, can readily be seen in his portrait (above) and in his actions. His outward character and achievements are well summarized by the names of his vessels: *Endeavour*, *Resolution*, *Discovery*. But there was more to him than this. Underneath lay an insatiable ambition: he himself said that he sought "not only to go farther than anyone had done before but as far as possible for man to go." This was the quality that gave Cook such a sense of dedication that after leaving New Zealand in April, 1770, he looked, not for the quickest way home, but for "such a rout as might conduce most to the advantage of the Service I am upon."

In an age when the scientific quest for geographical knowledge was at its beginning, Cook's three voyages to the Pacific filled the last yawning gaps in Western knowledge of the world. This 18th-Century map incorporates his discoveries.

Cook's first two voyages, 1768-1771 and 1772-1775, were undertaken in pursuit of an illusion – the mapping of a Southern Continent whose existence was insisted upon by geographers as a counterbalance to the land mass of the northern hemisphere. Cook disproved its existence and also compiled the first true map of Australia, New Zealand and many Pacific islands. On his third voyage, 1776-1780, he refuted another theory – that there existed a practical North-West Passage round the top of America.

- The first voyage, 1768-1771
- The second voyage, 1772-1775
- The third voyage, until Cook's death, 1776-1779
- The return of Cook's crew, 1779-1780

SOLAR SYSTEM
North Pole
NORTHERN OCEAN
SIBERIA
EUROPE
WESTERN ASIA
EASTERN TARTARY
TARTARY
CHINA
PERSIA
TIBET
EASTERN OCEAN
ZARA
DESART
BARBARY
NEGROLAND
AFRICA
GUINEA
ETHIOPIA
CONGO
MACOKO
INDIAN OCEAN
NEW HOLLAND
SOUTHERN OCEAN
GLOBE
South Pole
GRAPHY
Universal SYSTEM of GEOGRAPHY.
To facilitate the knowle
of GEOGRAPHY

The *Endeavour*, Cook's first ship was, like the *Resolution* (above), a Whitby-built vessel. Small, sturdy, and with a shallow draught to venture into uncharted waters, she was chosen by Cook for her similarity to the colliers on which he had once been an apprentice.

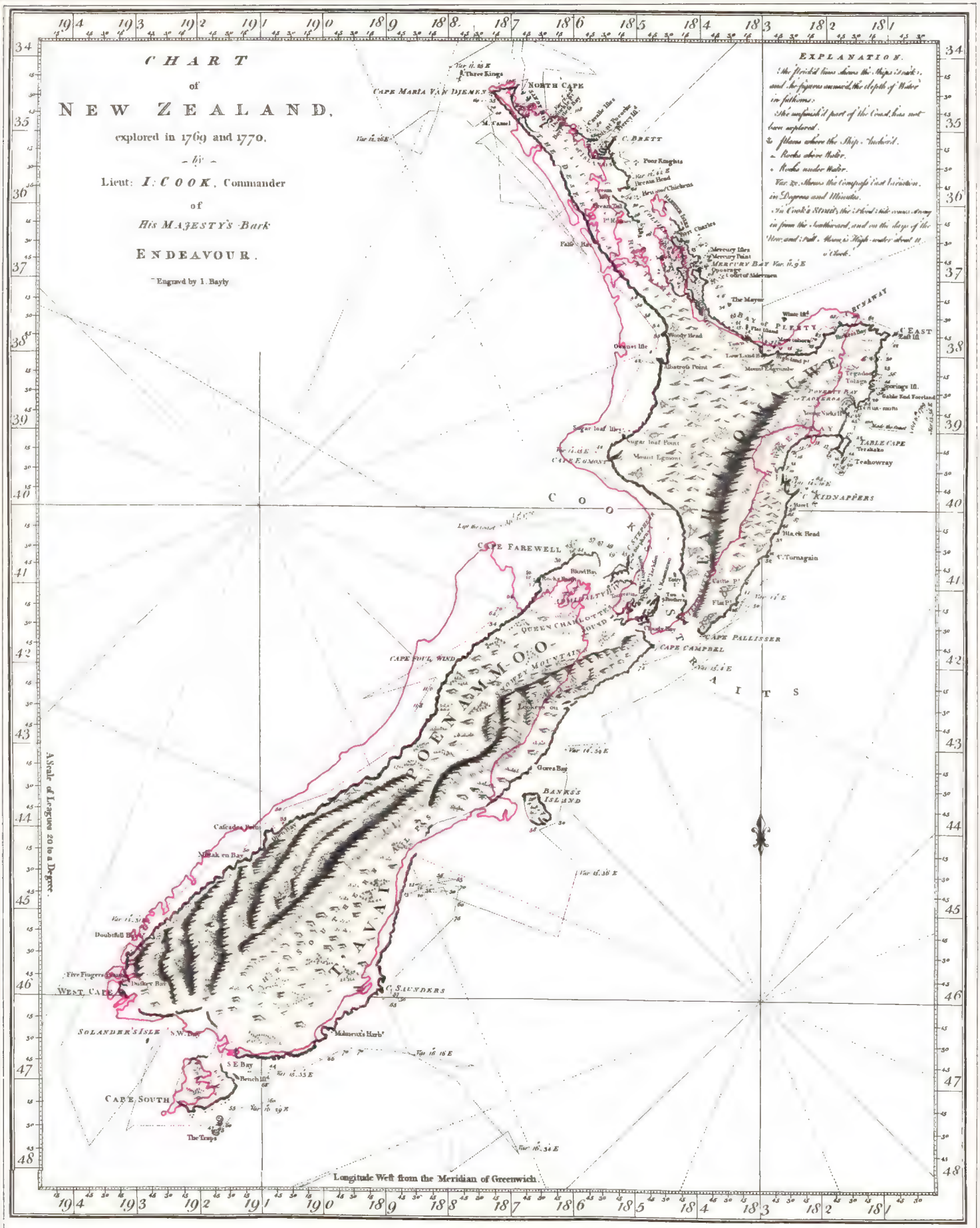
The Collapse of a Myth

When Cook left Tahiti during his first voyage, he offered a gallon of rum to the man who first sighted land. Five weeks later, a boy lookout, Nicholas Young, shouted "Land ahead!" and claimed the prize. Could the headland, later named in Nick's honour, be the tip of the conjectural Southern Continent?

By the end of the year Cook had sailed round the northern island and had anchored for repair in "a very snug cove," an inlet that Cook named Queen Charlotte Sound after George III's wife. Cook took possession of all the adjacent lands "in the name and for the use of His Majesty." To complete the ceremony, the Queen was toasted in wine and the empty bottle given to an old native.

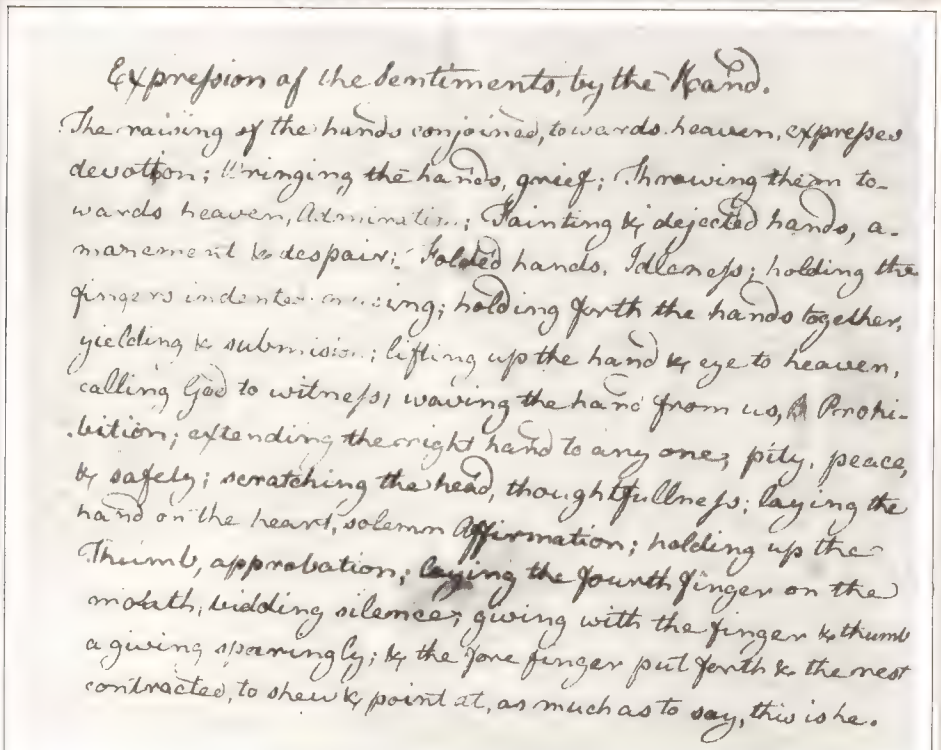
Joseph Banks, the *Endeavour*'s naturalist, botanized so assiduously that he soon found no further floral specimens to catalogue, and he was reduced to collecting mosses. Meanwhile, Cook surveyed the area and found that Queen Charlotte Sound opened into a strait which separated two bodies of land. To silence the members of his crew who still insisted that this new land could be an appendage of the fabled Southern Continent, and to complete his charting of New Zealand, Cook sailed round the southern island. By March, 1770, even Banks, a strong believer, had to admit that in this region at least he had seen "the total destruction of our aerial fabric called continent."

Maoris, fishing from small crowded canoes clustered in groups off the coast of New Zealand, used "hooped netts very ingeniously made" of interwoven blades of grass, baited with "fish gutts" to entice the fish.



Cook's chart of New Zealand, here represented with an overlay to show its true form as ascertained by modern surveying methods, is remarkably accurate, except that he mistook Banks Peninsula on the east coast for an island, and Stewart Island at the southern tip for a peninsula.

A Maori chief, standing in the centre of this crowded war-canoe, directs a man to adjust the sails, while another Maori plays on a pipe in preparation for a war-dance. An enemy's head, a grisly reminder of their warlike intentions, dangles from the hand of a warrior.



Expression of the Sentiments, by the Hand.

The raising of the hands conjoined, towards heaven, expresses devotion; Wringing the hands, grief; Throwing them towards heaven, Admiration; Fainting & dejected hands, amazement & despair; Folded hands, Idleness; holding the fingers indented, musing; holding forth the hands together, yielding & submission; lifting up the hand & eye to heaven, calling God to witness; waving the hand from us, A Prohibition; extending the right hand to any one, pity, peace, & safety; scratching the head, thoughtfullness; laying the hand on the heart, solemn Affirmation; holding up the Thumb, approbation; laying the fourth finger on the mouth, bidding silence; giving with the finger & thumb a giving sparingly; & the fore finger put forth & the rest contracted, to shew & point at, as much as to say, this is he.

In his methodical scientific manner, Captain Cook carefully noted in his journal the hand movements of the Maoris, including finger on lip to signify silence, and recorded details of their vocabulary, clothing and customs.

Maori patterns of tattooing on the body were mostly in the form of spirals drawn with a sharpened bone dipped in a sooty liquid and executed, according to Cook, with "great nicety and judgement."

Warriors of the Pacific

The artists who went on Cook's voyages – Sidney Parkinson, William Hodges and John Webber – produced memorable paintings of the Maoris, Tahitians and other Pacific islanders, carefully described by Cook in his journals. The Maoris of New Zealand were a "strong raw-boned; well-made active people rather above the common size, of a very dark brown colour with black hair." They were also, on first encounter, insolent and aggressive and were far more interested in war than friendship. Warning volleys fired over their heads only incensed them, and Cook killed several in self-defence.

However, the natives Cook met at Tolago Bay on the east coast of North Island were somewhat more amenable – despite their custom of eating the flesh of enemies killed in battle – and were eager for gifts of Tahitian cloth and glass bottles. Here Cook was able to examine the magnificent, awe-inspiring Maori war-canoes.

Some men and women were persuaded to sing a war-song: "They distorted their faces most hideously," wrote Banks, "rolling their eyes and putting out their tongues. But," he added, "they kept very good time."

This was not a typical encounter. The natives who paddled out in canoes were usually armed and belligerent, ready to hurl stones and abuse. But it soon became apparent, to Banks at least, that their main aim was to display their courage. "We begin to know these people," he wrote more confidently after some months, "and we are much less afraid."

The elaborately symmetrical tattooed swirls on his face, together with the white feathers stuck in his top-knot and heavy ear-ornament, mark out this New Zealand native as a man of importance in his society.

The usually friendly Tahitians are in warlike mood in this painting by William Hodges. A fleet of war-canoes, "very well equipp'd, Man'd and Arm'd" and supervised by dazzlingly clad chiefs, assemble for review in a rehearsal of an attack on the near-by Island of Eimeo.

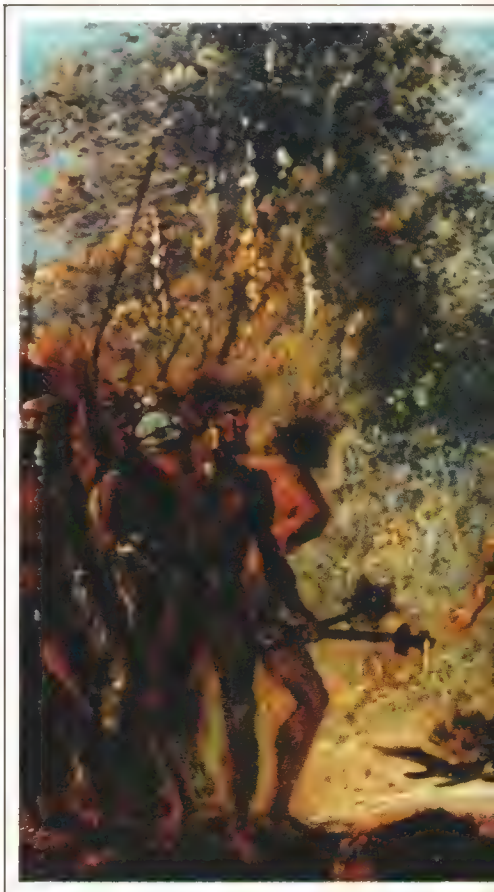
This idyllic impression of Tahitian girls swimming in the warm clear waters of Vaitepeha Bay in Tahiti is the work of William Hodges (inset), whose romantic rather than realistic paintings of the South Sea islands furthered the myth popular among Europe's Romantic philosophers of the carefree native living a blissfully happy existence untouched by civilization.

A Warm Reception on the Friendly Isles

On all three voyages, the Pacific islands offered a welcome respite from the months of ceaseless exploration. The paintings of William Hodges, the artist on Cook's second voyage, captured the exotic qualities of these Pacific outposts.

They were greeted with friendship almost everywhere. The hospitable welcome that awaited Cook's party at the Tonga Islands so impressed Cook that he gave them the alternative name of Friendly Islands. At most islands the weary crew were offered coconuts, fruit and drinks like *kava*, which the natives prepared by chewing roots and spitting the juice into a bowl. Cook was the only one of his crew brave enough to sample this beverage.

In return, apart from the iron nails, beads and other small gifts that Cook distributed, he left sheep, goats and pigs on the Pacific islands at the request of "Farmer" George III. The sheep and goats died, but the pigs survived, multiplying to such an extent that their descendants, known as "Captain Cookers," still roam New Zealand.



The strange towering monoliths of Easter Island fascinated Cook, like the great statues elsewhere on the island. He was sure that they were not idols, but their true origins and purpose have remained a mystery.

A boat from the *Resolution* lands cautiously at Tana in the New Hebrides after a hostile reception at nearby Eromanga. The natives at Tana proved so friendly that the brief visit extended to a fortnight, and trade in pigs and coconuts was brisk.

Cook and his officers watch "an extraordinary and barbarous custom" as the Tahitians prepare to offer a human sacrifice for the propitiation of the gods. On the burial-mound in the background is evidence of many other human sacrifices, the victims of which were usually criminals.

Longboats filled with Cook's men pull in to land among the Tongan sailing-boats and canoe

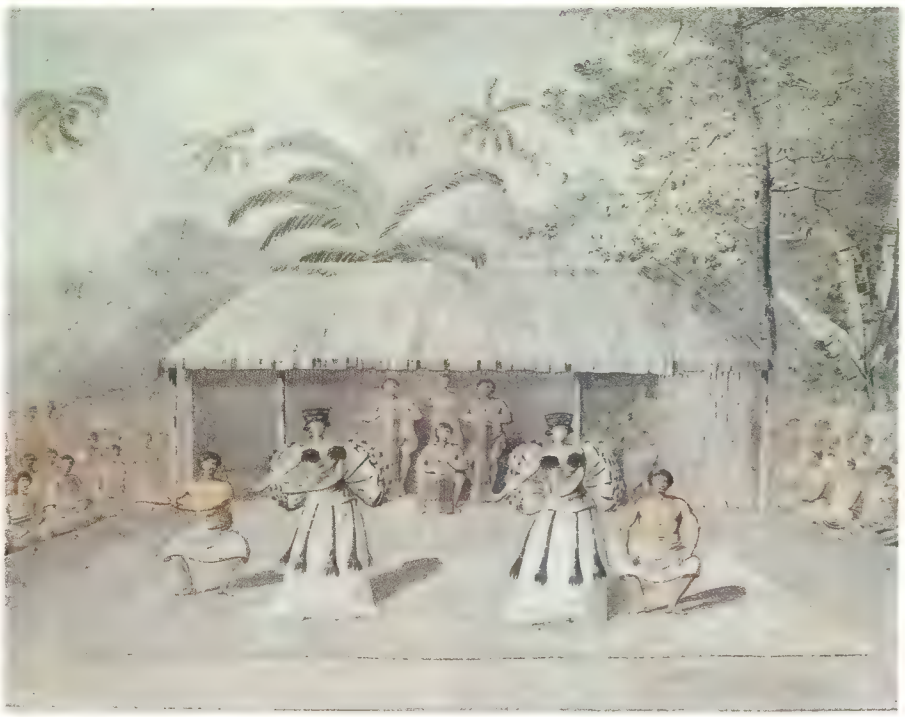
The Luxury of a Sun-warmed Paradise

The South Sea islands, with their palm-lined beaches and clear warm skies, were gladly revisited in 1777 during Cook's third voyage, all the more so because the voyage ahead – to icy regions of the north – would be hard and cheerless.

"I have quitted an easy retirement for an active, perhaps dangerous voyage," Cook had written exuberantly, before he left England. "I embark on as fair a prospect as I can wish."

The aim was to discover a northern sea-route from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. And Cook, once more sailing the *Resolution* – a bad choice for she was feeling her age – was the obvious man for the task.

En route, he stopped at places familiar from previous voyages – the Cook Islands, the Society Islands, Tonga and Tahiti. Uncharacteristically, perhaps because he too was feeling his age, Cook did not press on in his search and spent much of 1777 lingering in these beautiful tropical kingdoms, luxuriating in their timeless atmosphere. For the moment discovery could wait, and he only set off northwards in December.



Tahitian girls, whose elaborately fringed and feathered costumes contrast with the simple dress of their partners, entertain the islanders with stately traditional dances, accompanied by skilled drummers in the background.

in the palm-lined harbour of Nomuka Island, where the *Resolution* anchored in April 1777.

Into a "Shattered World" of Ice

The frozen Arctic, which many people still thought concealed a North-West Passage, was the goal of Cook's third journey. As on his second voyage, when he visited the Antarctic, conditions were dismal. The ships drifted slowly through pack-ice, their sails stiff with layers of ice and the men encrusted with frozen snow. Lumps of ice were chipped from the great floes and melted down to drink: "the most expeditious way of watering that I ever met with," commented Cook wryly.

On this voyage, there was at least occasional relief from the monotony of the icy wastes – "like the wreck of a shattered world," as a member of his crew wrote. The men would organize hunting-parties, like this one painted by John Webber (below), to shoot "sea-horses," as they called the solemn-looking walruses, for fresh meat.

When Cook found his way north blocked by ice, his last mission was accomplished. Having disproved the existence of a North-West Passage Cook returned to the warm Pacific islands, where a few months later, his epochal career ended with his murder by natives in Kealakekua Bay, Hawaii.

II. The "Gentle Navigator's" Last Voyage

Two alternatives were known to the traditional long haul round Africa. There was the Horn route; but it was too dangerous for merchant traffic. And there was the old route used by the Spaniards, across the Atlantic to Central America, across the Panama Isthmus by land, then across the tropical Pacific. No British attempt to share this route with Spain had been successful, and, in any case, the land portage rendered it impractical for bulky cargoes. Hence an old question was gaining a new urgency: was there a shorter route to the Pacific via the Atlantic and northernmost America – that is, a North-West Passage? Elizabeth's seamen and their successors – Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, Baffin – had searched for this passage from the English Atlantic ports. As a result, the path as far as Hudson Bay was well known. But beyond that, the map was empty. The Admiralty now proposed an expedition to the North Pacific, to search for a channel into Hudson Bay from the western side of the continent.

After his second voyage Cook had been promoted Post-Captain and given a comfortable sinecure ashore. It was argued that rest ought not to be disturbed, but he was the obvious leader. He was "consulted" at a dinner-party; and, unable to resist, he volunteered. He agreed to go out via Cape Town; to call at Tahiti with a present of some cattle for the ruler from the King, George III; then to cross to the American west coast and work up it, looking for a passage. As before, he would have two ships: the *Resolution* from the previous voyage, and the *Discovery*, another Whitby collier. Many of his veteran shipmates were with him. And among newcomers was the *Resolution*'s Master, a highly promising if pugnacious young navigator called William Bligh.

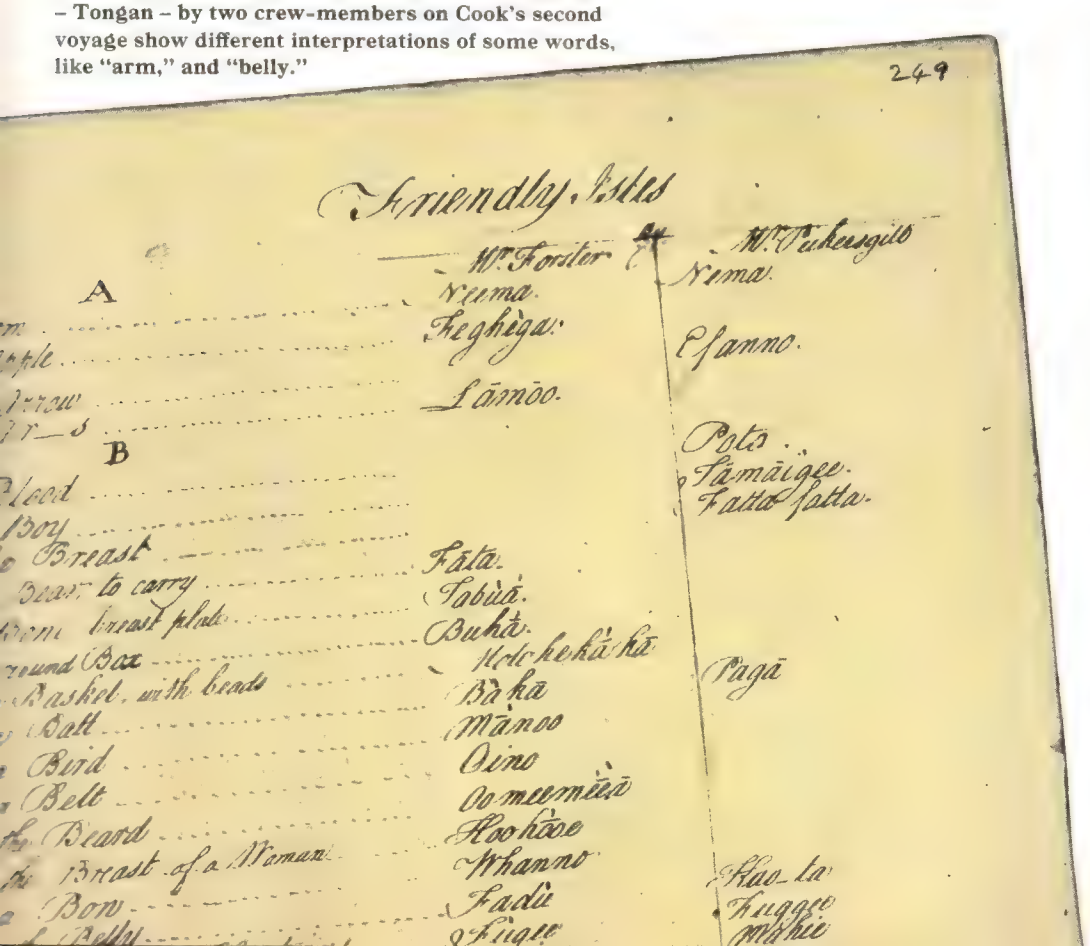
The expedition left Plymouth at a memorable moment: July 14, 1776. The Declaration of Independence had been signed ten days before, and Cook's ships stood seaward past squadrons of warships and troop-transports under orders for America. The old Empire was foundering.

Cook was now a tired man; and the story of his third voyage reflects it, moving to its sombre climax with the inevitability of Greek tragedy. Almost at once, worries about his ships began to plague him; for the Royal dockyards, notoriously inefficient and corrupt at this time, had skimped their fitting-out. There were exasperating delays at Cape Town while both vessels were completely recaulked to prevent leaks.

Moving on eastward through familiar seas, he sighted Tasmania in late January, 1777. He gathered fodder for the cattle; but, strangely, did not resolve whether

This woman's straight black hair, seal-skin dress and ornaments of bone through her nostrils and lower lip marked her as a native of Sandwich Sound in Alaska where Cook arrived in May, 1778.

Limited word-lists of the Friendly Islands language – Tongan – by two crew-members on Cook's second voyage show different interpretations of some words, like "arm," and "belly."



Tasmania was an island or part of Australia. Instead he accepted the slapdash guess Furneaux had made that it was linked to the mainland. A month later, again strangely for him, he misjudged the winds on leaving New Zealand, and this, together with the previous delays, cost him the season. He could not now be in northern waters for the opening of the Arctic summer. He would have to fill in nearly a year in the Pacific.

He spent the time to good purpose, for while he was in Tonga he settled down to make a considered study of the inhabitants. During his stay his pockets were picked three times and even the ship's cat was stolen; but he recorded, with his unbiased outlook, facets of native life and custom which later proved of unique value as the discipline of anthropology evolved. But – and again uncharacteristically – he made no move to

investigate Fiji and Samoa, though told of their proximity.

Freeing himself at length of his cargo of cattle at Tahiti, he hastened on into the north to devote the summer of 1778 to his search for the North-West Passage. On the way he had his first glimpse of the Hawaiian Islands. He realized their importance: but time was short, and he determined to explore them more closely at a later date.

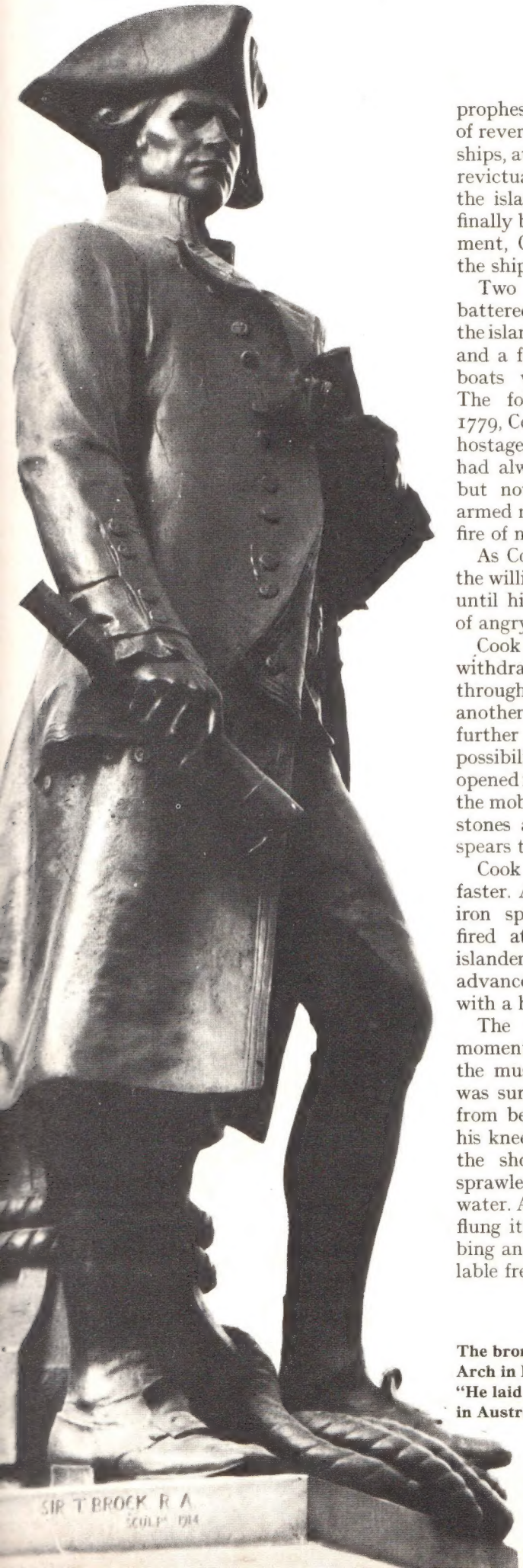
And as the first British Empire dissolved in warfare on the eastern American seaboard, Cook with his two leaky little ships worked his steady way up the western, probing the inlets of the mountain-bound coast, rounding the Alaskan Panhandle, piercing the Aleutian chain, struggling on in worsening weather through the strait found by the Dane, Vitus Bering, 50 years before, into the Arctic – until he was stopped by a wall of ice, as he had been in the far south. Nowhere had there opened a chink suggestive of a usable channel to Hudson Bay; and all that could be heard from ashore had been the howling of wolves.

He crossed to the Siberian coast, falling in with Mongolian-Eskimo hunters and Russian pioneers. In vain, no way could be found round the ice. The short summer was ending. He decided to spend the winter investigating the Hawaiian group, and resume the search next year.

On the northward journey the shadow of fatigue that laid over Cook had shown itself twice more. Missing the Strait of Juan de Fuca, he had believed Vancouver Island to be joined to the mainland. And later, sighting an island four times in the murk of the Bering Sea, he had mistaken it for four different islands. Now, heading down for Hawaii through foul weather, he was haunted by the bad state of his ships. His temper, often quick, became more violent. It seemed another Cook who could write of "my mutinous, turbulent crew." By the time Hawaii hove in sight his keen mind was exhausted, his calm nerves on edge.

His splendid journal stops, significantly, on the day he anchored in Kealakekua Bay. "All the shore was covered with people and hundreds were swimming about the ship like shoals of fish." Though probably not the first European to reach the islands, he swiftly became the most fêted. For the priesthood, to enlarge its prestige, declared him divine, a departed god whose return had been

The *Resolution*, in the foreground, and the *Discovery* were in danger of being trapped in the ice north of the Bering Strait in August, 1778.



prophesied. He found himself an object of reverence; and throughout his stay his ships, at priestly bidding, were victualled, revictualled and victualled again, until the islanders grew weary, resentful and finally bitter. To cut short his embarrassment, Cook sailed as soon as repairs to the ships allowed.

Two days later a gale, striking the battered *Resolution*, forced him back. To the islanders, his return was the last straw; and a few nights later one of the ship's boats was stolen from its moorings. The following morning February 14, 1779, Cook landed to take the native king hostage for the return of the boat. He had always sought to avoid bloodshed: but now he was accompanied by ten armed marines. "They will not stand the fire of muskets," he affirmed.

As Cook walked down the beach with the willing chief, a hostile crowd gathered until his party was faced by thousands of angry, shouting islanders.

Cook was ready to leave the king and withdraw when a native runner burst through the crowd with the news that another English party, which had landed further round the island to prevent the possibility of a canoe-born attack, had opened fire and killed a chief. This shocked the mob into action. Men began to gather stones and to brandish their clubs and spears threateningly.

Cook realized the danger and retreated faster. An islander menaced him with an iron spike. Cook's temper boiled. He fired at the man, and killed another islander instead. Incensed, the natives advanced down the beach, filling the air with a hail of stones.

The marines fired a volley, which momentarily halted the attack, but while the muskets were being reloaded, Cook was surrounded. One native struck him from behind with a club and he fell on his knees. Another stabbed him between the shoulders with a dagger and he sprawled face downwards in the shallow water. A great shout arose, and the crowd flung itself on the Captain's body, stabbing and hacking in a sudden, incontrollable frenzy of blood lust.

It was all over very quickly. Four marines were killed beside Cook on the beach, and the rest scrambled for the boats. As soon as they were clear, the guns of the *Discovery* and *Resolution* opened up and the natives fled, taking Cook's body with them.

On the following night watchers in the ships saw the glow of a pyre lighting up the hills. Their fury spent, the islanders were awarding their victim the funeral rites reserved for the highest chiefs. A few days later they brought back a corpse. Maddened dagger-thrusts, then the flames of reverence and sorrow, had torn and blackened it almost beyond recognition. But the scar on the right thumb, from the explosion of the powder-flask in Newfoundland 15 years before, was unmistakably that of Cook.

The Yorkshireman whose mangled body lay at the Hawaiians' feet had served Britain with two great advances in geographical knowledge. He had shown that the Southern Continent was a myth; and, though it was not finally accepted till later, that there was no practicable North-West Passage. In so doing he had unveiled the vast geography of the Pacific; and it was largely his revelation that led to the founding there of a new British Empire in Australia and New Zealand.

More widely, he had served his fellow men. His commonsense precautions proved that scurvy could be eliminated. And the matchless, meticulous accuracy of his charting set the standards for the Hydrographic Service of the Admiralty, a service which has since benefited sailors the world over. Moreover, his balanced mind, his recognition of the value of primitive societies, softened the first impact of European society on many Pacific peoples. And though the first immigrants to follow in his wake were mostly drawn from British gaols, Cook himself had pointed to the longer-sighted approach that British administration was eventually to adopt.

In the words of the popular novelist and diarist, Fanny Burney, "He was the most humane and gentle circumnavigator that ever went out upon discoveries."

The bronze statue of Captain Cook near Admiralty Arch in London commemorates his achievements: "He laid the foundation of the British Empire in Australia and New Zealand."

Traditional craftsmanship in brass and leather

Only £1·25 for this decorative martingale.

The origins of horse brasses are lost in the mists of antiquity. Certainly they were made in the East more than twenty centuries ago. At first they were talismans, using the powers of metal and of symbols to ward off evil – protecting both horse and rider against the powers of darkness.

Harness and livery

The martingale to which the brasses are usually attached is a functional piece of harness. It connects the noseband or bit with the girth, preventing the horse from throwing back his head.

At one time – about two hundred years ago – the brasses became part of a livery, identifying a horse's owner by the particular set of symbols carried. Today they are purely decorative, and a martingale is as much at home hanging beside a hearth as on a harness.

Solid brass – and lacquered

Now you can obtain an authentic, craftsman-made example of this traditional ornament at the special price of only £1·25 (manufacturer's recommended retail price is £2·20).

The martingale itself is made from genuine harness leather, thick and strong with a smooth tanned finish. The three solid brasses are highly polished, and stove lacquered to prevent tarnishing. Its brass buckles and loop, part of the harness design, make it easy to hang up anywhere.

Individually selected

The set of brasses illustrated is typical, but designs will vary as each martingale is individually made up from a selection of traditional brasses. The crown design (shown centre) will however, be featured on them all.

To order your martingale – three weeks from now – you will need four orange tokens from *The British Empire*. The first token appears this week. Be sure to keep it carefully until you can place your order.

How the token scheme works

Each week, there are two tokens on the inside front cover of *The British Empire*. This week, there's the third maroon model ship token and the first orange martingale token. Each week, you should collect these tokens to take advantage of the exciting offers that are on their way. And every week, as you collect towards the current offer, you'll be getting a start towards the next.

Build your own historic sailing ship!

Only £2.00 for this Revell kit.

From the well known model kit makers Revell, comes this detailed two-feet long model of the 'Cutty Sark', fastest and most famous of the tea clippers.

Built more than a hundred years ago, and now preserved in a permanent dry dock by the Thames at Greenwich, the 'Cutty Sark' was foremost among the merchant fleet which formed the lifeline of the British Empire before the age of steam.

Save 50p

Now you can construct a replica of this graceful ship – and re-live in your own imagination its triumphs and adventures on the high seas of the world.

At only £2·00, you're saving 50p on the regular price of this fascinating kit. There are hours of absorbing interest ahead as you watch it take shape.

Simplified construction

The kit includes a pre-formed one-piece deck with integrally moulded cabins, realistic vacuum-formed sails, simplified yard and mast assembly with rigging and anchor thread.

It is so detailed that it makes a handsome display piece for your bookshelves or side tables. Colourfully boxed with full instructions, it makes a very acceptable gift for any aspiring model-maker.

To order the kit you'll need four maroon tokens from *The British Empire*. The third token appears this week.

Note:

If you miss a token, your newsagent will be able to order the appropriate back number of *The British Empire* for you.

All offers applicable to the British Isles only.

9th or Queen's Royal Lancers, 1842